

FITZSIMMONS EXEMPLIFIES SOME OF THE PUNCHES THAT HAVE WON HIM GLORY.

FIGHTERS' BRAIN FAG.

The Great Mental Agony to Which They Are Subjected in Training.

TOLD BY MR. MULDOON

Worry Over the Result Causes Them to Lose Many Pounds of Flesh.

Carson, Nev., March 8.—Corbett received something this morning which he treasures very highly, and which gives him more pleasure than anything he has received since the four-fist shamrock. It came in the shape of a letter, as follows:

YALE UNIVERSITY,
Feb. 2, 1897.

For James J. Corbett, Esq., Champion of the World.
Dear Sir: We, of the Junior class of Yale University, desire to express to you our heartfelt wishes for your success in the battle on St. Patrick's Day. Ever since your visit to New Haven, last Fall, and your appearance on our football field, the college at large has felt the deepest interest and hope for your triumph. Here at Yale we realize how much brain and science count in all athletic contests. We regard you as the highest exponent of the brain boxer; hence our joyful faith and confidence in the outcome of the battle.

We learn from the New York Journal of your splendid physical condition and can see only one fault for this fight. Now, Jim, we hope that you will hang this Yale flag in your training quarters and in your corner at the ring-side, and remember that it waves to you a message of Yale luck and pick. Go in and win, and delight the hearts of all true Yale men.

J. M. WADSWORTH, PAYNE, WHITNEY, JR.,
BRUCE CLARK, CH. JOHN S. RODGERS, JR.,
K. L. Y. MCLAUGH, DALLAS C. BYERS, LANS, CHELSEA, O. PITTSBURG, PA.
FORSYTH WICKERS, MOREAU, DELANO, NEW YORK.
FREDERICK, KER, G. MORRIS, NEW YORK.
NOCHAN, NEW YORK. P. W. SIEHMAN, NEW YORK.
ROBERT J. THEM, MORRIS, N. Y.
BULL, JR. MORRIS, P. H. SIMMONS, TOWN, N. J.

The Yale Banner.
Accompanying this letter of good wishes from the college was a silken banner bearing the college colors—blue and white. This emblem is twenty-four inches long, eighteen inches wide, and bears the word "Yale" in letters four inches high. The

Corbett Contradicts Statements and Interviews Which the New York World Attributed to Him.

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Training Quarters, Shaw's Springs, Carson, Nev., March 8.

To the Editor of the Journal:
There are appearing in the New York World freaked bulletins purporting to issue from my training quarters and embodying quoted assertions and declarations as having been made by me. I have no knowledge of these bulletins and am in no way responsible for them. I repeat again that the only statements that I make concerning the coming contest are those which appear daily in the New York Journal over my own name. What is true of me is equally true of my trainers. Charley White sends herewith a telegraphic denial of a statement published in the New York World of the 3d inst., purporting to have been authorized and signed by him.

In the New York World of March 3 appears what purports to be an interview with Mrs. Corbett while she and my sister were visiting me at the training quarters. This interview is as untrue as the one which the World published some time since as having been obtained from my wife at her hotel in San Francisco, and which was flatly denied at the time. Mrs. Corbett has not since her arrival in San Francisco met or spoken to any newspaper reporter other than those from the New York Journal and the Examiner, of San Francisco. While she was at Shaw's Springs she was interviewed by an accredited representative of the New York Journal, and what she said appeared in the issue of that paper of March 3. The representative of no other paper either met or talked with my wife at the time during her present stay in the West. The friendship which I feel for many of the newspaper men now writing from these parts makes these denials a very unpleasant duty for me, and I trust that there will be no further occasion for me to remind them that I have a contract to fulfill with the New York Journal.

JAMES J. CORBETT,
Champion of the World.

OPINIONS OF THE WIFE OF A CHAMPION.

By Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)
Training Quarters, Cook's Ranch, Carson, Nev., March 8.—I arrived at the training quarters of my husband this afternoon at 5 o'clock. Mr. Fitzsimmons met me at the depot and drove me down to the ranch. Not until he removed his coat and got in the house did I get a good chance to inspect him. Much to my surprise I saw in his face something stronger, firmer and more determined than ever before. I thought the severe cold and the violent changes of temperature would tell upon him, but he looked as

The Cornishman Wallops the Air Bag and Runs to the Depot to Meet His Wife—World Fakes Denied.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)
Training Quarters, Cook's Ranch, Carson, Nev., March 8.

To the Editor of the Journal:
I did not sparring to-day with my trainers, but went at the bag for twelve rounds, wrestled on the mats for an hour and ran about six miles at something more than a dog trot. It is a difficult thing to find a very good stretch of road during this bad weather, and I still fear the danger of jolting myself on frozen and muddy highways. Anticipating the arrival of Mrs. Fitzsimmons from New York this afternoon, I ran into Carson. I met her on the arrival of the 3:30 o'clock train from Reno and returned to training quarters with her.

To-morrow I will again begin my sparring with Hickey, Roeder and Stelzner. They have had a rest also, and promise to give me a swift time of it. I notice lately that Roeder has lost some of that 220 pounds that covered him when he arrived here, and that he is under the impression that he is training for a fight himself. He comes at me with a vigor that would make a faint-hearted man reluctant about going up against him. I am still carrying that cut he put on my lower lip with his reckless left, but I find the best way to get familiar with punishment is to take some of it. I have not as many trainers around me as Corbett, but I will put them against any three men in the country for keeping anybody awake.

I am feeling in top shape and weigh very little more than 160. I am as hard as a rock and will begin a little system in my diet from now on.

I saw in the New York World of March 3 a long interview supposed to have been had with me. I can only say, as I have said in regard to other spurious interviews, that the particular one referred to did not take place. I have no desire to single out the World as an offender, but its representatives know the nature of my contract with the Journal and Examiner, and when they endeavor to place me in a false light they must be prepared for denials from me.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS,
Champion of the World.

SPARRING FOR POINTS.

Champions Disposed to Insist on Small Matters.

TO GAIN ADVANTAGE.

Arguments in No Sense Based on a Desire to Evade the Issue.

Carson, Nev., March 8.—When fighters begin spitting hairs, some people become suspicious of them. In a general way an impression gains ground that talking at small obstacles shows lack of confidence and a desire to evade the main issue. There is, however, another and a broader way of viewing it. When the world judges the fighters equal in merit, and when the fighters themselves take an intense interest in every little thing that crops up, and each of them makes a determined stand in the hope that his ideas of any subject in dispute may be accepted as reasonable and correct, it simply serves to indicate the strength of the rivalry that is between them.

Fitzsimmons and Corbett have been in a hair splitting mood for some time past, the particular rules under which they shall fight being the principal bone of contention. Before referring to this matter more specifically, I might make mention of other matters which suggest the degree of watchfulness each of the championship candidates is employing. Corbett was examined by a medical man the other day for the Journal. When it came Fitz's turn to go through a similar process, he asked under what conditions the doctor had passed upon Corbett. He was told that Jim had been examined at midday after his exercise and rub down. "Then I want to be examined at exactly the same time. A fellow feels all warmed up and at his best after his rub, and I don't believe in taking the short end of it even in a medical examination," said Fitzsimmons. Again Corbett heard that it was the la-



(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)
THE BLOWS WHICH SETTLED SHARKEY AND OTHERS.

Auto-biographical Notes

banner proper is of fine heavy twilled silk with the edges carefully hemmed by hand. The color is the dark navy blue characteristic of the institution from which it came. The four letters are a close-grained white felt sewed to the background with silk thread.

"I am going to put this flag in my corner," said Corbett, "and I am very glad, indeed, to have the good wishes of a lot of brainy young college fellows, who take interest in athletics and who have sense enough to appreciate the difference between a mere fighting brute and a student in scientific boxing. The encouragement of these young fellows is very pleasant to me at this time. I have always sought the approbation of this class of young men. Perhaps that is why I have never been popular among rowdies."

Gets Another Token Also.
He also found in his mail a token from two young ladies from Oakland. It is a simple silver medal, on one side of which is engraved the picture of the maiden clinging to the "Rock of Ages," and on the other side is "Lady of Victory, pray for us." Attached to the medal is a green ribbon. Accompanying the medal was a kind letter from the young ladies, referring to the significance of the offering and wishing Corbett God speed. Corbett intends to wear the medal constantly, and will fasten it to his belt in the ring.

Corbett's work to-day was not particularly interesting until the middle of the afternoon was reached. He ran a little on the dry path attached back of the Springs, played handball and practised a few side steps. It was one of the most discouraging days one could imagine for a man working for condition, but Corbett kept his good nature, and did not give vent to any open expressions of disappointment. He evidently feels that he is in good fix, and thinks that he has had an advantage in training over Fitzsimmons, who was set back at the start by his cold and who has been considerably cut up about the face and arms during his work. If the weather is not good for Corbett it is not any better for Fitzsimmons. Really to-day was enough to discourage a pugilist. Mark Twain, who ran a little in the neighborhood of freezing all the time. At times a stiff breeze would blow with occasional flurries of snow and sleet, then the sun would come out for a while and thaw the ground until you were

ankle deep in mud and make everything sloppy again. The heaviest of clothing was necessary to keep out the cold, and every one seemed shivering and uncomfortable. The general feeling is that it is better to have the bad weather now than on the 11th of March.

Wants to Bet a Gold Mine.

Here is a sample letter from a very ardent admirer:
May Post Office, Amador Co., Cal.,
March 5, 1897.

Mr. J. Corbett, Carson.
Dear Sir:—I want to bet on this coming fight and write you to get some of your friends to place my proposition before Fitzsimmons's admirers. I have a gold mine that is worth \$20,000, and I will bet the mine against \$15,000, or, in other words, I will bet 2 to 1 on you. Parties wishing to take the bet can have the mine explored and the value they put on the mine I will abide by and take the same bet. I having the privilege to select one expert and they one, and the winner to pay the experts for examining and reporting value of mine. Time is short, and if it is possible to get my proposition taken I will give the man that finds me a man to take my proposition one-fifth of the value experts report after all expenses are paid, provided I win. This mine is here in Amador County. I am ready to step before a notary public and make affidavit to any papers sent me in regard to this proposition. When you and Sullivan fought I offered to bet 150 acres of land, valued at \$20,000, against \$15,000 that you were the best man, and couldn't get it taken, and the same when you and Mitchell had the scrap, with the same result. Now I am ready to back my statement, and have the papers drawn up by good lawyers and signed before a notary and put them in some good, respectable party's hands, the winner to pay experts and for drawing papers, and take both mine and money. Hoping to hear from you by return mail, I am, yours truly,
A. G. MILLER.

There is no lack of encouraging letters in the daily load.

Corbett is beginning to chafe under the restrictions imposed by Fitzsimmons. He argues that he is on record as saying that whatever the referee directs him to do in that connection he will faithfully abide by. This, he considers, gives the Cornishman a leverage, inasmuch as Fitzsimmons, being required merely to say, "I concur," can go on practising free arm hitting and breakaway hitting right up to the moment they enter the ring. Jim himself, on the other hand, being left in doubt as to what agreement may be reached.

Will Ask Siler.
It is Corbett's intention to demand of Siler his interpretation of the Queensberry rules so that both fighters may be placed on an equal footing without further delay. Siler, it is understood, has already admitted that he favors hitting in the breakaway as being fairest to all concerned, and it is

To the Editor of the Journal:

The blow that put Sharkey out after repeatedly fouling me in the most unfair fight that was ever seen in the prize ring was a left and right which had him dazed. I feinted with my left and he threw up both arms around his face to protect himself, which left a clean opening for a left-hand shift on the stomach. This blow did the job. It knocked the wind out of him, which brought him forward. I quickly shot the same hand up under his chin and knocked him out. I leave it to the American public whether this was a fair blow or not.

The first time I knocked out Peter Maher I feinted with my left. He tried to cross me with the right. I pulled my head back and then delivered a left-hand punch in the mouth. His right was spent across his chest, which left me a clean opening and he had no guard. I kept this kind of punching up for eleven rounds, at the end of which he quit.

In the fight with Jim Hall I delivered a blow over his kidneys with the right hand which made him wince. I was about to repeat the same thing when he threw his elbow down to stop the blow and swung his right at me at the same time. I quickly saw an opening for his jaw and instead of landing on his elbow I changed the direction of my blow and landed on his jaw, knocking him out.

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by Bob Fitzsimmons.

pretty safe to predict that Fitzsimmons will interpose no objection when the time comes. Siler will use his endeavors to have Fitzsimmons declare himself at least a day or two before the fight. He may be successful, and again, he may not.

Fitzsimmons when approached on the subject to-day, said: "I will agree to nothing until we enter the ring. That is the time to arrange these matters. I never went into a fight where I was asked to tell beforehand what I would agree to, and I am not going to now." So the matter stands.

The event of the day at the Fitzsimmons quarters was the arrival of Mrs. Fitzsimmons from New York. The Cornishman has been on tiptoes of expectation since an early hour, but still he managed to devote considerable time to his work. In the morning he played handball for an hour or so and then went in for wrestling on the mat. First he had Hickey for an opponent. Becoming playful, Robert put a choke hold on his countryman and Hickey cried "enough."

Roeder, who is not so easy to handle, then tackled Fitzsimmons. For a while the fighter did the better work, tossing the stalwart German around as easily as he might handle a trussed turkey. At one stage in the exercise, Fitzsimmons stood Roeder on his head. Roeder made a quick spin, and, grabbing Fitzsimmons by the legs, pulled him off his balance and placed him flat on his back. The exercise occupied a couple of hours.

At 3 o'clock Fitzsimmons started for Carson in a buggy, with Roeder driving. As soon as the fat country near the prison was reached Bob jumped out and ran on ahead of the vehicle, keeping up a dog trot until he arrived at the railroad depot. Mrs. Fitzsimmons came from Reno in company with her brother Martin and the whole party returned to Cook's Grove together.

It looks as if there might be some trouble about photographing the fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, growing out of a suit between Edward Gregg and the Multi-Kinetoscope Company. The three machines which were to be used to photograph the fight are now in the hands of the Sheriff on a seizure, and are likely to remain there. Gregg had the machines attached in a suit he had with the company in which he claimed that \$4,000 was due him from them for the manufacture of the machines.
T. T. WILLIAMS.

Will Hold a Watch on the Roads.
Boston, March 8.—Colonel Villa has agreed to act as Corbett's timekeeper. He sent an affirmative response to Carson to-day to an invitation to act in such capacity.

tention of the contractors to cover the ring floor with canvas. He objected to this strenuously, giving as his reasons that the material made a fighter's legs weary much earlier than would be the case were only smooth boards and crushed rosin used. It is just possible that Fitzsimmons had never given the matter a thought until he heard what Corbett had to say. Then Bob remarked: "Well, there are two sides to this question. Come to think of it, I am rather partial to canvas under foot, and I guess I'll have to think the matter over so as to be able to hold my own when the matter comes up for argument again."

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists. Price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail. Mention this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.